

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 685.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the New Haven Register State.  
BORDER RUFFIANISM IN FAIRFIELD TOWNSHIP.

COLUMBIANA, Nov. 25, 1858.  
Mr. Eason.—The outrageous attack on a recent anti-slavery meeting held in this township, and the trial of those engaged in the mob, having excited considerable feeling in this community, I have decided to give you, for publication, a brief account of the whole transaction. Some of the citizens of this township, having heard Miss Weston's colored lady of Baltimore, lecture in Salem, and being pleased with her lectures, they invited her to Unionville meeting house. Having gained her consent, they advertised the meeting as follows:—On the evening of the 27th of October, there was assembled at the meeting house a very respectable audience, numbering probably over 300 persons, of whom 60 or 70 were ladies. About the time the people were ready to organize the meeting, there was loud hallooing and shouting in several directions from the house, mostly in a southern direction, about a mile off. The hallooing and shouting continued, and soon approached nearer and nearer toward the meeting house, rattling the sound of ladies surrounding their prey, until it was evident to those engaged in the meeting that there was a determined purpose on the part of those who were then using to create a disturbance. In order that they might be held in check somewhat, some of the said and most respectable citizens of that vicinity dismissed themselves near the door, but as soon as they arrived they bolted straight into the house, where the speaking was already in progress, using profane and obscene language. They took their seats and continued their swearing, and occasionally responded to and interrupted the speaking.—After remaining in the house for some time, some of them went out, making some blackguard excuses as they were going, and soon after, the house was stoned, windows broken in, and the meeting entirely broken up. Some of the citizens used to preserve order which resulted in a scuffle, in which some of the Border Ruffians were rather roughly handled. The people of that vicinity, feeling themselves outraged, and after consultation, they determined to end such outrages no longer, and concluded to bring the ruffians justice. Accordingly they instituted legal proceedings before Elias Holloway, Esq., and on the 25th, a trial was to be had. As soon as the ruffians found that they were about to be punished for their crimes, they appealed to the leader of the Democracy of the county to sustain them. Woods, the self-styled head of these ruffians and whisky-drinking, swearing blackguards of that locality, who still arrogate to themselves the name of democrats, volunteered his services, and I regret to say that Mr. Wallace, for whom I have always entertained the highest respect, should have so far forgotten himself as to aid in the defense of such a set of miserable ruffians.

On the day of the trial, the ruffians and their friends were all on hand far and near. After the trial commenced, Woods claimed that all the witnesses should be kept out of the room so that they could not hear each other testify. This being passed, the room was cleared of all or nearly all the accused ruffians and their friends. The trial progressed, the witnesses brought in one by one examined. Woods, true to his cause, signified himself by insulting the witnesses, by asking such questions as "Are you a Negro Worcester?" and then when answered, he would lead off with "You're a nigger, now, and the whole crew will take with you and laughter." After the examination of the witnesses was closed Woods, in his argument, showed that he was a born, fallacious, and as well as by profession—He raved and stamped, frothed and blubbered, bawled and swaggered, gesticulated furiously, leaving the air with his clenched fist, and the border ruffians assisted his狂怒, passim appeals with roars of tremendous applause. He characterized the citizens of Fairfield township as traitors, enemies of their country and its institutions, that they had no right to claim the protection of the law, because they had no right to hold such meetings, and, of course, his democratic friends had a right to go and disturb them, &c., &c. His speech was forcible in the extreme, even more so than his celebrated Pat Eoley effort in the court house. Mr. Wallace's effort was less boisterous, and was directed to necessary technical quibbles, in order to escape the penalty of the law.

Mr. Smith, on the part of the plaintiffs, made a plain, vigorous, manly and candid speech, in which he defended the citizens of Fairfield township and himself, from the insinuations and aspersions of Mr. Woods and his colleagues triumphantly. The trial resulted, as it should have done, in finding the accused guilty as charged, and they were bound over for their appearance at the next term of court.

Woods, not satisfied with having disgraced himself of his venom at the trial, went home and gave vent to his feelings by pitching into the citizens of that locality, by calling them maggoty-brained friends of the slave, negro worshippers, &c., &c.

The whole proceeding from beginning to end was a disgrace, and so far as any disgrace attaches to some for whom I have heretofore entertained respect, I regret it. I am sorry that those who still adhere to the so called Democratic party, have educated their children that they have been the authors and disturbers of the peace of the community. I am pleased to learn that some of them have seen their error, and have expressed their disapprobation of the conduct of those who were engaged in the disturbance.

Mr. Wood's conduct in the matter is quite natural. It has given him the occasion to show out the genuine spirit of Leavenworth Leavenworth. He has had opportunity to exhibit himself (the now self-constituted head of the party), a true specimen of moral depravity; and it seems that nature has given him by conferring upon him peculiarities particularly adapted to the character he has induced the Southern section to withdraw

their patronage from the Missionary Board and mainly from the Missionary and Sunday School Journal, which were of great promise to the Association in 1854 and 1855; "it has broken the brotherhood of the Church, on that the parties can no longer work together," and it may be added, to maintain official connection with slaveholding conferences, as matters now stand, would be to give official countenance to the evil we profess to do, as practiced by the South.

## METHODIST PROTESTANT CONVENTION

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1858.—This body, now in session in this place, transacted but little business yesterday, having adjourned at an early hour for the purpose of giving its various committees time to prepare their reports on the respective subjects referred to them for their consideration. The Convention met this morning at the usual hour, and after a short session devoted to religious exercises, the Convention proceeded to business—The committee to whom was referred the communication from Rev. C. Prindle, of the Wesleyan Convention, presented a report, and recommended the adoption of the following resolution, viz:

Resolved, That this convention appoint a committee of five to fraternize and correspond with a like committee represented here by our esteemed brother, Cyrus Prindle, of the Wesleyan Methodist Convention, for the laudable and desirable objects of obtaining a more intimate union and a more general and effective co-operation between the two sister branches of our common Zion, and for the ultimate purpose, if possible, of becoming one body.

This resolution was laid on the table for the purpose of receiving other reports from their respective committees. The report, from the evident favor with which it was received, will doubtless be adopted.

The committee appointed upon the subject of Relations and Revisions, reported in part, viz:

1st. Upon "the action of the last general conference upon the memorial from the Cincinnati convention of 1857."

By reference to said memorial, it will be readily discovered that the General Conference respectfully requested in said document to merely recommend to several annual conferences, the matter of taking legal steps to make the specified constitutional and disciplinary modifications, which the interest and prosperity of the non-slaveholding sections of the association demanded; and in case that body should refuse to so recommend, then a second request was respectfully made to said General Conference to concur in such measures as would bring about an official separation in a formal, orderly, and peaceful manner, between the slave and non-slaveholding section of the association, by an alteration of the eighth and ninth articles of the constitution, which define a general conference and its powers.

And by reference to the official proceedings of said General Convention, it will be equally evident that while said Conference did, on one hand, receive, entertain, and act upon said memorial as an orderly and authoritative document, thereby virtually sanctioning the Cincinnati document, they did upon the other hand officially refuse to comply with either request so respectfully and so reasonably submitted to them, thereby exciting a total unwillingness to take any steps to either relieve their petitioners, or that would reflect discredit in any way upon the practices as predicated of the entire meetings.

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The novel character of the meetings was enough to make them interesting. They were filled with questions and answers and occasional discussions between my questioners and myself. They were emphatically a school for acquiring knowledge of the province and duties of civil government—a school in which we were all pupils, and in which we were all at liberty to be teachers. Should such a school be opened by all the candidates for high executive office and legislative office, the masses could not fail to grow rapidly in political wisdom.

I hope that the good accomplished by these meetings will not be estimated by the smallness of my vote. They have perhaps had the effect to recruit rather than increase it. Very unpopular answers were drawn from me by those who questioned me in regard to the Common School, the Poor House, the Rights of Women, the Legislation of a Sabbath, Tariff, &c., &c. Manifestly the people are not yet prepared to receive the thoroughly democratic theories, which I have spent so much of many years in inculcating. Manifestly I must live and die an unpopular politician. Still I may not have lived in vain; and the words which I have spoken and written, may not all die with me.

I cannot doubt that my meetings have exerted considerable influence against the Caucus system—that bad system which has robbed the people of the right of suffrage, and left it to handfuls of demagogues to dictate the actions of rulers. That voters are degraded to the one work of registering the decrees of the Caucus need, but said to be relieved. Happily, the practice of interrogating the candidates in the presence of the popular assembly cannot obtain without subverting the Caucus System. Is there anything else that can subvert it?

You, who put me in nomination, are abolitionists and prohibitionists. Indeed, it was to promote the shutting up of the drunkshops in our State and the shutting out of the kidnappers from it, that you desired my election. I trust that my meetings have done something toward reviving Temperance and Freedom. I found them well nigh dead wherever I went, and I confess, that they still show but few and faint signs of life. What fails to connect such great sacred causes with a vulgar political party? How many of the self-purified friends of Freedom and Temperance have with in the last three months told me that I was ruining the Republican party! So senseless were they to the obvious fact that the Republican party was ruining them!

There are but few abolitionists and prohibitionists in this State as is evident from my small vote; few, I mean, who are earnest enough to place their abolition and prohibition above the claims of party. There are, it is true, many who protest against slavery. Surely it can be no more than that, so long as they vote for candidates who admit slavery to be law, and candidates who are willing that our State should suffer the kidnappers to prevail in it in quest of prey.

There are many who prize for prohibition, but that this also is mere prating is manifest from the fact that only a very small proportion of the professed prohibitionists were willing to break out from their parties in the recent election, and vote for the only prohibition candidate for Governor. I know it will be said that many prohibitionists are to be blamed for this, because they were duped into the belief that he is a prohibitionist. Also, they were willing to be duped! So transparent a falsehood could never pass unnoticed, but such as were willing to be carried away by it. Let what will be said to the contrary, they, who have now seen that the General Conference as a legal nullity, and incompetent to serve any good to the Association.

Therefore, it follows that such a General Conference institution as was contemplated by the Convention of 1850, and as defined in the constitution adopted by that body, does not now exist in the Methodist Protestant Association; and inasmuch as the General Conference, exists rather in name than in its originally designed working life and energy, it is no violation of our loyalty to the constitution of the Church, to declare and forever regard the General Conference as a legal nullity, and incompetent to serve any good to the Association.

2d. Our future relations, &c., will make it necessary to briefly specify the cause which has produced this state of things, and your Committee cannot better do this than by adopting a part of the language contained in the second resolution in the circular from the Pittsburg Conference, viz: "We hereby set our seal of condemnation on the entire system of slavery in the Methodist Protestant Church in the South, as being the foundation of all our trouble with our Southern brethren. It has travelled our church press—it has thrown out foreign neutral interests which bring consternation to the General Conference to care for and manage"—it has further destroyed Madison College, the only (general) educational institution of the Church, which promised so well in 1854, and has induced the Southern section to withdraw

I have referred to the smallness of my vote. I confess that it is far below my expectation. Early in the last month I believed it would go as high as fifty thousand. More has this, it seemed at one time as if the Republican Party was getting disengaged, and that I might therefore possibly get a still larger sum than I had counted on. But by the middle of the month I found that the results of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana had inspired Republicans with confidence and Democrats with fear.

I am not sure but Governor Seward's Rochester speech did more than all things else to damage my prospects. It passed for an Abolition speech, especially because it espoused our old Abolition doctrine that in the end the States must all be blessed with Freedom, or all given up to the cause of slavery.

I hope too that this radical friends of Freedom will not be discouraged by this election. Never was there more need of their perseverance—for never were their prospects darker.

How very rapid their decline since the public mind was drawn away from the abolition to the non-extension of slavery!

By the year 1846 the Liberty Party, which was an intent on abolishing slavery, had swelled its numbers to sixty or seventy thousand.

The strong anti-slavery sentiment of that year was responded to by the House of Representatives in a vote of 115 to 10 for shutting out slavery from all the territories we had created from Mexico. But by the next Session the majority was the other way. In 1847 the Liberty Party was swallowed up in a virtually new Party, whose candidate had never been known as an abolitionist. The next year this new Party gave place to another, which placed at its head that prominent opponent of the abolitionists, Martin Van Buren. Nevertheless this Party of 1848 was compelled by the popular sense to be something of an Abolition Party. It promised (and with Mr. Van Buren's express consent) to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. So also in the next formed anti-slavery Party—that of 1852—there was a measure of Abolition. But utterly important for good did these Parties prove; and so with every other, that does not, instead of combating legal protection to any part of it, hold every part of it to be a piracy and an outlaw.

In his Inaugural Address (in 1852) President Pierce was subduing by the growing pro-slavery public sentiment to say that slavery is recognized by the Constitution and stands like any other admissible right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the Constitutional provisions.

In 1854 the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and the absurd theory of Squatter Sovereignty installed in its place. Award instead—for since the American people own the Territories they cannot escape from the obligation to govern them. They can oblige only when they come to own them; and that cannot be until they have been fully developed.

As soon as I accepted the nomination I entered upon the work of holding Meetings in all parts of the State. They numbered fifty three, and one an average time of about two and a half hours. They were generally large and frequently there was not room for the crowd. To attend them cost me some four thousand miles of travel and two and a half months' time.

The novel character of the meetings was enough to make them interesting. They were filled with questions and answers and occasional discussions between my questioners and myself. They were emphatically a school for acquiring knowledge of the province and duties of civil government—a school in which we were all pupils, and in which we were all at liberty to be teachers. Should such a school be opened by all the candidates for high executive office and legislative office, the masses could not fail to grow rapidly in political wisdom.

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# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Bugle.  
OCTOBER.

BY MRS. CHRISTIE R. COLBY.

A dreary bush is on the air—Nature stands  
In silent thought, and blushest in more admiration  
At her own loveliness. She holds her breath  
In silent adoration, and thrills from her  
Thousand unseen pulses, a voiceless tribute,  
Of praise to the All Father. And we break  
Bright, the deep hued leaves quiver to the low,  
Soft echo of his breath. Over us heads the  
Blue, bright infinitude of his love. His smile  
Has poured a golden glory o'er all the swelling  
hills.  
It ripples down their amber glades, and streams  
Along each crimson vale, like a flowing tide  
Of living beauty that knows no bounds and  
Hath no shore.

—Let the aged man forget  
His years—manhood his care, his plough and  
Wearisome toils, and be a child once more.  
Out into the sunshine, and bathe the soul  
In this bright stream of glory, and it shall  
Purge away the stain of marshiness. The vast  
Temple of earth is thick inland with gold—  
A gold that hath no dross! From roof and rafter  
To its broad far stretching floor, all is  
Glorious and glory, and every deck is decked  
In royal robes of beauty.

The miser may not hoard this wealth and  
Say, "It's mine." The pauper and the slave may  
Faint their eyes, and quench the soul's deep  
thirst.  
And say, "It's mine," with a meaning deep and  
true.

Not for favored few, a lordly race, was this  
Bright pageant given. But for all, and he  
Is rich that knows it is his birthright,  
And feels the little graven deep within by the  
Sober.

Of his Author. A mystic tie links his soul  
To all things beautiful. He bears a voice in the  
wind—

A voice of song, a harmony divine. For him all  
Earth is vocal, and gifted with intelligence.  
Every leaf that rustles in the summer wind,  
Or festers in its brief moment on the autumn air,  
And souls in circling eddies from the parent,  
Tree, to rest upon the bosom of brown mother  
Earth, is a poet's page, traced by the infinite,  
And sweet each lesson that he reads.

Death, death, and the grave are robes in beauty—  
Through the dark part of the life unknown  
Gleams a light, that bathes no shadow.

How beautiful the crown  
Of glory that October wears! Such should  
Be the crown that rests upon the brow of Age—  
A life well-spent—a golden fruitage of good deeds—  
A harvest of blessings garnered from the seed  
Scattered by life's wayside—a coronal of splendor  
Glistening in the mellow radiance that shall not  
Go out in darkness, but brighten into perfect day!

CHERRY VALLEY, O., October 12th 1858.

From the Independent, Nov. 4.

## WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there  
seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth  
beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed.  
While he is asleep there, our souls have rest—we  
know where he is and what he is about; and sleep  
is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright  
and early, and begins muting, hammering, singing,  
muddling, and asking questions; in short, over-  
turning the peace of society generally for about  
thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—  
everybody is quite sure he can't stay where they  
are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen,  
where he infests the pantry to get flour to make  
paste for his kisses, or melt in the new sauce-  
pan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure  
to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he  
is sent up into the garret, you think for awhile  
that you have solved the problem, till you find  
what a boundless field for activity is at once open-  
ed, amid all the package-bags, barrels, and cast-off  
rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers,  
trunks, and boxes of miscellaneous contents, are all  
rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old  
night is instituted. He sees endless capricious in  
all, and he is always hammering something, or  
knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing,  
or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions, to  
build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's  
head aches quite down to the lower floor, and  
everybody declares that Charley must be kept out  
of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you  
are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But  
he comes home sooner and more breezy than ever,  
having learned of some twenty other Charleys,  
every separate resource for keeping up a commu-  
nion that the superabundant vitality of such can  
originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has  
learned to mock his lips like John Brown—and  
Will Bring has shown him how to new a cat, and  
he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned  
from Tom Evans. He feels large and val-  
orous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a  
general impression that he is growing immensely  
strong and knowing, and despises more than ever  
the inexperience of other lads; in fact, he is  
more than ever an interruption in the way of  
desire folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if enteraining persons will de-  
vote themselves exclusively to him, reading and  
telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then  
the disengaging work, for he wills a story  
as soon as a piece of meat, and looks at you for  
another and another, without the slightest consid-  
eration, so that this resource is of short duration,  
and then the old question comes back: What's to  
be done with him?

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked,  
for he is an institution—a wisdom and awful fact,  
and on the answer to the question, What is to be  
done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, remorse, bitter man has come from a  
Charley turned out and neglected; many a pa-  
rental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to  
run the streets, thus masons and sinners might  
play on the piano and write letters in paper. It is  
easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing  
that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid,  
but if not laid right will come back, by and by,  
a strong man around, when you cannot send him  
off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little more  
to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by.  
There is something significant in the old English  
proverb, which our Scripture reader so  
often quotes,

mildest, a man made—a man child. There you  
have the word that should make you think more  
than twice before you answer the question: "What  
shall we do with Charley?"

For to day he is at your feet; to day you can  
make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can  
persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure;  
you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell  
with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short  
can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little  
voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that  
small foot shall have a man's weight and stamp;  
when a rough beard shall cover that little round  
chin, and the wild strength of manhood fill out  
that little form. Then you would give words for  
the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide  
him at your will; but if you will lose that key  
now he is little, you may search for it carefully,  
with tears, some other day and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour  
lost in the morning is never found all day. It has  
a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that  
rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome  
as carpet-rules and parlor ways are to him, he is  
still a small little creature, and wants to be where  
the rest of the household are. A room over so  
well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the  
hour when the family is in re-union; he hears the  
voices in the parlor, and his play room seems des-  
olate.

It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted  
with gas, but it is human warmth and light he  
adores for; he yearns for the talk of the family,  
which he so perfectly comprehends and he longs  
to take his playthings down and play by you, and  
is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper  
things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will  
not commit one if you let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warn-  
ing plea—God's admonition. O, how many a  
mother who has neglected it because it was irksome  
to have the child about; has longed at twenty-five  
to keep him by her side, and he would not!—  
Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he  
is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and  
a plague in general, the boy has found at last his  
own company in the streets, in the highways and  
hedges, where he runs till the day comes when  
the parents want their son, and the sisters their  
brother, and then they are scared at the face he  
brings back to them as he comes all foul and  
smutty from the companionship to which they have  
doomed him.

Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to  
keep your boy in your society, there will be places  
found for him—warmed and lighted with no  
friendly fire—where he finds some mischief  
still for idle hands to do, will care for him if you  
do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow  
while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must  
make trouble for him, either a little now or a great  
deal by-and-by. Let him stay with you at least  
some portion of every day; hear his noise and his  
ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to  
tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise  
still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing  
by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole  
circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper and a few pat-  
terns will sometimes keep him quiet by for an  
hour, while you are talking, or in a corner he  
may build a block-house annoyng nobody. If he  
does now and then disturb you, and it costs you  
more thought and care to regulate him there, bal-  
ance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed  
by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a  
good man or woman, your presence is the best and  
safest thing. God never meant man to do without  
you, any more than chickens were meant to grow  
without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house  
where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound,  
and make all the litter his heart desires. And his  
various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford  
the room, weigh well between that safe, snug  
and one which, if denied, he may make for  
himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have, a few  
shelves which he may dignify with the name of a  
cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells  
and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends—nothing  
comes amiss, and if you give him a pair of  
scissors and a little gem, there is no end of the  
shells he will pass on, and the hours he may in-  
nocently spend, sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gem is an invaluable re-  
source of various purposes, nor must you mind  
though he vanishes his nose and fingers and clothes  
(which he will do of course) if he does nothing  
worse. A cheap paint box, and some engraving  
color, is another; and if you will give him some  
real paint and putty to paint and putty his  
boots and caps, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure, they  
do—but Charley is to make trouble, that is the  
nature of the institution; you are only to choose  
between safe and wholesome trouble, and the  
trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God  
hates the little fellow, and send us all grace to  
know what to do with him.

**ELECTION SCENES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.**

A correspondent of the Pendleton S.C. Me-  
senger, reporting a trip through Spartanburg  
in North Carolina, gives some illustrations of elec-  
tion times, which may be interesting and suggest-  
ive:

"Arrived at the election ground, there was a  
night worth seeing. Apple County voted. There  
were about as many women as men on the ground-  
s—  
This is a peculiar feature in North Carolina, gather-  
ings—the women nearly all attend, and it results  
beneficially sometimes. I once saw a fellow get  
into a fight at one of those elections, while his wife  
was along with him. The front yard of the dog-  
gery had been gravelled with very coarse gravel.  
One fellow pulled off his shirt and pitched in, but  
was soon made to bite the gravel. Here No. 2  
jumped on him, but was no sooner on than off, for  
our first named hero's wife gathered a hoop pole  
and rods lancing as he ran. But it has not been  
my fortune to see one. All hands stood off and  
saw it well done. Hero No. 1 was a sight. I  
saw a man's back full of coarse gravel—gouged  
through the skin.

In approaching the election ground, young men  
and women could be seen sitting on logs in the  
woods, eating ginger cakes and drinking cider and  
brandy. Hoop-lances to the sore there. One fel-  
low jumped out of a store where they kept  
their apple brandy, and swore that he could whip  
the man that had anything against him. Every-  
body seemed too drunk to take much notice of him.  
Two fellows got so drunk on a large scaffold, and  
there it was, causing a general row. Some were  
knocked down by the falling of the scaffold, and  
suspiciously had knocked them down, elicited in pre-  
sumptuous. I thought it was time

## A PRAYER ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

BY W. FELTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
And pies and cakes besides,  
To bind the stomach, pain the head,  
And choke the vital tides;  
And if too soon a friend decays,  
Or dies in agony—  
We'll talk of "God's mysterious ways,"  
And let it all to Thee.

"Give us to please a morbid taste,  
In spite of pain and death,  
Consumption strings around the waist,  
Almost to stop the breath,  
Then if indigestion attacks—  
Our stunted progeny,  
In violation of our sins,  
We'll lay it all to Thee.

"Give us good houses, large and tall,  
To look the country down,  
And servants dodging at our call,  
And shaking at our frown.  
The poor, however worthy they,  
We'll treat quite scornfully;—  
Then sixteen pay, communion day,  
And settle up with Thee.

"We do disdain to toil and sweat!  
Like those of vulgar breed!  
Of labor give us not a bit,  
For physic, nor for food.  
And if for want of exercise,  
We lack the stamina  
Of those we trample and despise,  
We'll lay it all to Thee.

"We do good to all, and save  
Like those of vulgar breed!  
And earn a thousand times  
What we give to Thee.  
Thee we'll trust, and not the world,  
And let it all to Thee.

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